

A
PANEGYRICK
UPON THE
Mysterious Art
OF
MALTING
AND
BREWING.

By JA. DONALDSON. *H*

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OF

M A T H E M A T I C S



B R E W I N G

By J. DONALDSON

L O N D O N

Printed by J. M. ...
M DCC LXX

PANEGYRICK,

O N T H E

Mysterious Art of Malting and Brewing.

IN Ancient Times whilst sublime Arts did ly
Wrapt in the Womb of dark Obscurity,
The Art of Brewing was not understood,
They Milk and Water had for liquid Food ;
And to find other Drink could not Divine,
Till some by chance of squeezed Grapes made Wine ;
Soon after, some did their Inventions stretch,
If Possibly, they cou'd some further reach,
The Art of squeezing other kinds of Fruits,
Of making Sweets, and drawing Juice from Roots,
All this they quickly found, the Art was plain,
They Cyder, Perry and Metheglim then
With several other Drinks did make with ease,
Since all they had to do was beat and squeeze,
Or mix some Sugar with fresh Water clear,
Hony or other Sweets to serve for Beer,
They Liquorish Roots and divers Herbs did steep,
In Water too, which they for Drink did keep :
All which was nat'ral, obvious and plain,
To which with little Airt they did attain,

But what strange Chimist or Philosopher,
 Magician Nat'ralist or Conjuror !
 Could fall upon the Art of making Drink
 Of Corn? a Thing Mysterious one would think :
 Yea, utterly above all Human Skill,
 To make of Oats or Barly Beer and Ale
 To Transubstantiate Heaps of Corn into
 A liquid Substance, and ferment it so,
 That Glutinous and Oily Worts should be
 Sp'ritualiz'd by Art of Chimestry;
 Methomorphose the Corn three Times or more,
 The Corn to Worts, the Wort to Ale and Store,
 And turn the liquid Substance to a Wine,
 Then to a sp'rit that Wine or Ale Refine,
 Clear as Rock Water it's whole Substance turn,
 Yet liquid still, and make that Liquor burn :
 The Juice of Fruits no Yest or Store require
 For fermentation, like a pow'rful fire,
 It's Native Sp'rits doth quickly change its Oil
 To sparkling Wine, by making it to boil
 Or fermentize without Man's Art or Skill,
 Ev'n Nature working thus of her free will;
 But Wine of Corn with greater skill they make
 Because they something foreign to't must take
 To agitat the Worts, and to refine
 The humming Liquor to a kind of Wine,
 Strange Art that first did Store or Yest devise
 That makes it thus ferment in wondrous ways!
 This single Point, a Mistry wond'rous Deep,
 What Art then is requir'd to turn a Heap
 Of winnowed Corn into a Mass of Beer?
 A Track of Mist'rys therein doth appear,
 To mention all the Steps were numberless,

By

By which they do the Corn prepare and dress;
 First in the Steep or Coble they it cast,
 In Water steep it till the Rind which fast,
 Cleaves to the kirkel, loose and part with ease,
 Then they the Water let off when they please.
 Thus when the Corn is fresh, but if 'tis old,
 They change the Liquor washing 't clear as Gold:
 But still before the operation end,
 They loose the Rind, then to the Floor they send
 The moistened Corn after they do it drain,
 Where ov're and ov're, they turn it with much pain
 And equal Skill, till it begin to sprute,
 And at the Butt End tender Buds spring out;
 But all the while they watch it carefully
 So that it do not Heat nor Eckerfpy,
 That is to say, at both the Ends it spring,
 Which would it weaken, and its strength would bring
 To useles Chafe, or Comings of no worth
 If by neglect they let both Ends grow furth;
 Thus having wrought it fully as is Meet,
 They make it in a Heap to Cause it sweat,
 Until each grain like Hony Drops appear,
 If in short time they mind to make it Beer;
 But if they purpose not to use it soon,
 They put it to the Kiln and this not done,
 Where with white Turff or Sindes they it dry
 If rightly us'd, avoiding carefully
 Such Fewal as doth smok't, for all the Soot
 Incorp'rat with the Corn doth much hurt do't;
 Therefore some who have not Fewel fit
 Make Killns like Bagnios, drying Malt on it,
 Which saves the Malt from hurtful Sulpher bad,
 Malt dryed thus the best that can be had.

The Malt thus made with no small Art and Skill,
 And fitly bruis'd or grinded in the Mill,
 The Brewer then begins his Skill to try,
 First with the Liquor, chusing carefully
 Such kind as best the Malt desolves, he takes
 The same from Clayish Ponds, fresh Lochs or Lakes,
 If possibly he can, but if he can't
 Such Liquor get where Lakes and Ponds are scant,
 He chuses Liquor of some running Spring,
 Near which he Builds, or home the same doth bring;
 But yet at random this he doth not use,
 But first doth prove it, and the best doth chuse.
 He various Ways its Virtues trys with ease,
 By breaking Soap, by Weight, or boiling Peas,
 By Wash for Distillation, this last way
 Doth prove it best, and makes the surest Way;
 For having duely first infus'd his Mash,
 Prepar'd his Pot-ale, or his Brewers Wash,
 He to a Proof Sp'rit doth the same distil,
 Thereby discerning what is Good and Ill.
 Hard Liquor which doth from Lime Quarries spring,
 From saltish Rocks, or any brickish thing,
 Such as doth flow from Moss or Limed Ground,
 Or Rivolats where Bletchers do abound,
 Is utterly unfit for making Ale,
 And in the Operation needs must fail;
 Three Things at least concur to make it so,
 For this astringent Liquor you may know,
 Doth not desolve, or duly melt the Malt,
 Nor doth it well ferment when it is salt;
 Besides it doth not taste or relish well,
 From whence a Brewer soon great Loss would feel,
 Did he make use of Liquor so unfit

That

Nothing but Ruin could he get by it:
 But as sometimes 'tis very hard to know
 How far the Liquor is infected so,
 With acid Atoms, or astringent Stuff
 That marrs decoction, and gives Ale a Guff,
 A hateful Gust, or an unsavory Taste,
 Experiment he makes as is exprest;
 By Distillation it doth fully try,
 Discerning plainly by the quantity
 Of Spirits drawn, how far that it resolves
 The Malted Corn, accordingly resolves
 To use the Liquor, or the same reject,
 For should he this Experiment neglect,
 At random he blindfolded might go on
 Until he were to all intents Undone;
 But by this Light his Road he seeth plain,
 And needs not grope his way to doubtful gain.

Touching this grand Experiment I can
 Tell whats almost incredible to Man,
 For which I can good Evidence produce,
 Or ev'n demonstrat if it were of use.
 A certain Well I know, which one would think
 Might serve for Brewing, or for Men to drink
 Or other common use, small difference seen
 Of this and other Neighbouring Wells between;
 But being us'd in manner as is shown,
 Brew'd and distill'd, a thing to me well known,
 The Product short, the Malt was blam'd therefore,
 As well as bad fermenting to bad Store;
 The Work was try'd again, the Malt was chang'd,
 For Malt and Store good ev'ry where was rang'd,
 Once and again Experiment was made,
 But still it prov'd an unsuccessful Trade,

Witchcraft or some thing worse was in the Pot,
 Ill Eyes, and other things I have forgot
 Were soundly charged with this great defect
 Of Product, whil't they no due means neglect;
 All kinds of Working try'd, while all this past,
 They came to blame the Liquor at the last,
 Then suddenly the Error was found out,
 Near double Product soon resolv'd the doubt.
 The diff'rence here was wide I must confess,
 But yet I can avouch it was no less;
 No doubt 'twixt other Wells much diff'rence be,
 Tho vastly short of this as to degree,
 Which prejudicial doubtless prove unto
 The Users likewise, as I partly know;
 But that I may briefly shut up this Head,
 And to another instantly proceed:
 We therefore shall presume the Liquor's right,
 Then does the Brewer bring his Art to Light,
 Through matchless Risques and Dangers numberless,
 As all who read what follows must confess.

Just as some skillful Pilots Ships do guide,
 Through Shelves and Rocks at ebbing of the Tide,
 When Night comes on, and Winds are high and cross
 And ev'ry Billow threatens Death and Loss,
 The straggling Ships and Cargoes goes to wrack,
 If they but in the least make a mistake
 In Sounding, or in manning the Helm,
 The lofty Waves would soon the Ships o'whelm,
 Or dash to pieces on the Rocks or Sand,
 Without all hopes of getting save to Land.

But yet the Brewer doth more Dangers run,
 Tho' not so great, when once his Work's begun,
 And should he but mistake in any jot;

His

His Brewing's lost, and whole Guile goes to Pot;
 Before he Mash he must consider well
 To heat his Liquor right, and often feel
 If it begins to touch, and Minute nick
 To put all hands to work when it grows quick,
 For if he takes it too cold, or lets it boil,
 In another case he doth his Brewing spoil:
 And that which makes't the more difficult still,
 Because that ev'ry kind of Liquor will
 Not operat with that degree of heat
 That others do, but either is too sweet,
 Too sharp, too flat, too heavy or unfit,
 If he should miss the critick knack to hit.
 Again each kind of Malt doth not agree
 With Liquor hot unto the same degree;
 The dry and raw do diff'rently require
 The less and more degrees of heat or Fire,
 Yea ev'n suppose 'tis duely hot, he must
 Not wholly to this nice punctilio Trust;
 For if he either Mash too thin or thick,
 He ne'retheless the Brewing still will stick,
 Because the less or greater quantity
 Of Malt affects the heat as to degree;
 The Mash then duely done we shall suppose,
 New Dangers still ensue, ev'n such as those,
 If by neglect the same should stand too long,
 The Wort blinks on, and the whole Guile goes wrong:
 But let us next suppose this danger's past,
 Another still doth follow very fast;
 The Blink comes quickly on, the Fire not set,
 It possibly doth spoil before he get
 The same to burn, or if in time 'tis done,
 Another Risque yet speedily comes on:

Perhaps the Coals prove bad, or Vent is stop'd;
 The Copper boils not quickly as he hop'd,
 Therefore the Wort doth slowly ling'ring boil,
 Which makes it heavy and the same doth spoil.
 But grant this danger past, yet not a few
 Of others no less hurtful still ensue;
 For tho' 'tis duely boyl'd and timely cast,
 He cannot say that all the Danger's past;
 Perhaps some foul thing by mischance may fall
 Amongst his Wort, enough to spoil it all;
 Or if it do not this way Dammage get,
 Excessive heat of Weather makes it set:
 But grant he doth 'gainst hurt by heat provide,
 He meets a Danger on the other side;
 A sudden Cold comes on, his Guile doth chill,
 He cannot make it work do what he will;
 Who finding this, away doth run in haste
 For greater quantities of Store or Yest:
 A Fire he streight puts on beside his Tun,
 And quickly He to heat some Wort doth run;
 And here again a Danger he doth meet,
 If he his Wort should boil or over-heat,
 And thro't into the Guile, it would do more
 Hurt than good, by scalding all the Store;
 If therefore it is hotter than it ought,
 Some other Wort that's colder soon is brought,
 With which they mix it and do temper't so,
 That no hurt follows when they thro it to.
 The Guile at last ferments we shall presume,
 In Cask they put it with the Yest or Fume,
 In which it works, and from it casts the Store,
 Yet ne'retheless some Risques do follow more,
 The change proves bad, the Ale doth not go out

From

From whence it suffers Loss without all Doubt,
By drawing down, but more by growing stale,
For proof we to Experience appeal.

But grant it doth go out, yet possibly
The Tapster disoblig'd, doth damnify
The wholesome Ale, and doth return the same,
Much to the hurt of him from whom it came;
But granting that the Seller vent it shall,
Yet comes at last the greatest Risque of all;
The Merchant comes, Excise it must be paid,
But still the Brewer's Payment is delay'd;
He Money wants to pay his Debt withal
And at the Seller oft doth dun and call;
Good Money spends in seeking Bad, at last
The Seller fails and is in Prison Cast,
But not a Farthing for the Brewer's Purse,
For Payment He gets the Retailer's Curse.

What wondrous Prudence, Wisdom, Skill and
Is then requir'd to Act the Brewer's part? (Art,
Whereby He doth overcome Difficulties
Next Bore to meer Impossibilities.

Yet notwithstanding all, His Art is such,
He doth not only Save but Getteth much;
Not only for Himself, but to the State
He Payeth Taxes so Immensely great,
That almost half of the whole Revenue
Is Paid by Maltsters and the Men who Brew.

Now shew me any kind of Artists who can say
They do one Tenth of such great Taxes Pay:
How highly than ought Brewers to be Priz'd?
Who do Surmount all this tho' dear Excis'd,

F I N I S.

From whence it suffers loss without all Doubt,
By drawing down, but more by growing Rate,
For proof we to Experience appeal,
But since it doth no one yet possibly
The Rightly doing, doth damnably
The whole some A, and doth retain the same;
Much as the Run of this from where it comes;
But since the Silver is the same,
For comes as late the greatest Run of all;
The Merchant comes, but he is not the same;
But still the Run's Payment is the same;
The Money wants to pay the Debt of all.

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